Julius Cæsar did write a Collection of Apothegms, as appears in an Epistle of Cicero; I need say no more of the worth of a writing of that nature. It is a pity his book is lost; for I imagine they were collected with judgment and choice; whereas that of Plutarch and Stobæus, and much more the modern ones, draw much of the dregs. Certainly they are of excellent use. They are MUCRONES VERBORUM, POINTED SPEECHES. *Cicero prettily calls them* SALINAS, SALTPITS, *that you may extract salt out of, and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion, of themselves. They serve, if you take out the kernel of them and make them your own.*

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS:

Suggestive Selections,

WITH BRIEF COLLATERAL READINGS AND SCRIPTURAL REFERENCES.

"Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be."

EDITED BY

ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.,

EDITOR OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

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John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

TO

My Father,

WHOSE LOVING STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE AND GENERAL LITERATURE,
DURING MANY YEARS OF BUSINESS LIFE,
HAS BEEN
A LITERARY STIMULUS AND AN INSPIRATION TO HIS CHILDREN,
AND REMAINS IN ITS UNPUBLISHED RECORDS
A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE FOR HIS
CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reader of this little volume will not expect to find within its modest limits a complete presentation of the ethical principles involved in the writings of the great Dramatist.

It was not the intention of Shakespeare in his literary work to elaborate a system of morals, nor to give his hearers maxims for their guidance in life; though, by making true presentations of the workings of the human heart and of the actions of men in society, he in a measure accomplished both ends.

Though the selections here offered are the result of original study, most of them are familiar to intelligent readers and probably they all will seem like memories of golden thoughts that have been but temporarily lost. Their value is not in themselves alone, for each one shines with a glory reflected

from the others of the group in which it appears, while the readings from other masters of thought show the brotherhood of great minds, and still further illustrate the themes, at the same time that they give emphasis to the wealth of the Dramatist's genius.

It was Coleridge who said, "I greatly dislike beauties and selections in general, but as proof of his unrivalled excellence I should like to try Shakespeare by this criterion." The same acute critic says in another place, "Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such comparison is altogether in favor of Shakespeare."

The Right Reverend Charles Wordsworth, in his work on Shakespeare's knowledge and use of the Bible, ventures to use the following language: "Take the entire range of English literature; put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in all united, so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we have found in Shakespeare alone." A few,

among the very large number of Scriptural texts which are suggested by the Dramatist's expressions, are given in the notes. Many more, which it has not been thought necessary to quote, will occur to the reader.

The following pages will enable the reader to form some opinion upon these subjects, but their greatest value will be found in the truths they convey and the practical wisdom they express. While they are not the whole, they are a part of Shakespeare's Morals.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1879.

The quotations from Sophocles are from the version of the Rev. Dr. Plumptre. For Shakespeare, resort has been had to the text of Messrs. Clark and Wright (found in the *Globe* edition), though in a few instances the reading of Mr. Dyce has been preferred. Extracts from Chaucer are from the edition of the editor.

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SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS.

In the poorest cottage are Books; is one BOOK, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him; wherein still, to this day, for those that will look well, the Mystery of Existence reflects itself.

This is what some one names "The grand sacred Epos, or Bible of World-History; infinite in meaning as the Divine Mind it emblems; wherein he is wise that can read here a line and there a line." — THOMAS CARLYLE.

Shakespeare had penetrated into innumerable things; far into Nature with her divine splendors and infernal terrors, her Ariel melodies and mystical mandragora moans; far into man's workings with Nature, into man's art and artifice. Shakespeare knew innumerable things; what men are and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there. — THOMAS CARLYLE.

Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable, but a fact, the best he could interpret it, to the judgments of Eternal Destiny upon the erring sons of men.

In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the Laws of God. — THOMAS CARLYLE.

To Sophocles, the greatest dramatic poet of Greece, has been assigned a higher place in the history of Greek literature than to Homer himself. His work was to turn the mythology of Homer "into an instrument of moral education, and to lead men upwards to the eternal laws of God and the thought of his righteous order." — E. H. PLUMPTRE, *in "The Life and Writings of Sophocles."*

No poet comes near Shakespeare in the number of his bosom lines, — of lines that we may cherish in our bosoms, and that seem almost as if they had grown there, — of lines that, like bosom friends, are ever at hand to comfort, counsel, and gladden us under all the vicissitudes of life, — of lines that, according to Bacon's expression, "come home to our business and bosoms," and open the door for us to look in, and to see what is nestling and brooding there. — GUESSES AT TRUTH.

We ought to make collections of the thoughts of Shakespeare; they may be cited on every occasion and under every form, and no man who has a tincture of letters can open his works without finding there a thousand things which he ought not to forget. — ABEL FRANÇOIS VILLEMAIN, *quoted by Price.*

Shakespeare is an author of all others calculated to make his readers better as well as wiser. — SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS.

God's Providence.

Enviable indeed was the faith of the world's young day; sad that it should ever have been intercepted by the frigid, murky phantasm of law; and blessed will it be for man when his maturity shall have grown into a second childhood, with the Father's arms again around him, and, in his ripest philosophy, law shall yield place to the all-present God!

A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion: for, while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but, when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to providence and deity.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Essay on Atheism.*

THERE 'S a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.[1] If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2, l. 230.

[1] Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father. — *Matt.* x. 29.

The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.[1]

Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 126.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 221.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.[2] *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2, l. 8.

But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

King Richard II., Act i. Sc. 2, l. 4.

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.

Pericles, Act v. Sc. 3, l. 86.

[1] For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. — *Rom.* ix. 15.

[2] The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. — *Prov.* xvi. 23.

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace.

First Part King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 4, l. 39.

KING RICHARD II. CARRIED CAPTIVE TO LONDON IN THE TRAIN OF BOLINGBROKE, A.D. 1399.

SCENE, *The Duke of York's palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude, misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious, —
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried, 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,[1]
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

King Richard II., Act v. Sc. 2.

[1] For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another. — *Psalm* lxxv. 6, 7.

The Atonement.

One soul working in the strength of love
Is mightier than ten thousand to atone.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, l. 498.

The great Swiss historian, John Von Müller, gives the result of his life-long labors, extracted, he says, from seventeen hundred and thirty-three authors, in seventeen thousand folio pages, in this striking confession, — "Christ is the key to the history of the world. Not only does all harmonize with the mission of Christ; all is subordinated to it. When I saw this," he adds, "it was to me as wonderful and surprising as the light which Paul saw on his way to Damascus, the fulfilment of all hopes, the completion of all philosophy, the key to all the apparent contradictions in the physical and moral world; here is life and immortality. I marvel not at miracles; a far greater miracle has been reserved for our times, the spectacle of the connection of all human events in the establishment and preservation of the doctrine of Christ."

PROF. HENRY B. SMITH, *Faith and Philosophy.*

ALAS, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; [1]
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy.[2] How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should

[1] For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. — *Rom.* iii. 23.

[2] For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — *John* iii. 16.

But judge you as you are ![1] O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[2]

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 72.

As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse.

Second Part King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 153.

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

First Part King Henry IV., Act i. Sc. 1, l. 19.

[1] If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? — *Psalm* cxxx. 3.

[2] And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. — *Eph.* iv. 24.

God's Choice of Weak Means.

I know that God is ever such as this,
Darkly disclosing counsels to the wise;
But to the simple, speaking fewest words,
Plain teacher found. SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 707.

HE that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:[1]
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources,[2] and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

. . . . .

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 139.

[1] But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; . . . that no flesh should glory in his presence. — 1 *Cor.* i. 27.

[2] Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. — *Ex.* xvii. 6.

Personal Responsibility to God.

A few years before his death, Daniel Webster having a large party of friends dining with him at Marshfield, was called on by one of the party as they became seated at the table to specify what one thing he had met with in his life which had done most for him, or had contributed most to the success of his personal history. After a moment he replied; "The most fruitful and elevating influence I have ever seemed to meet with has been my impression of obligation to God."

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., *Obligation to Law our Highest Privilege.*

DISPUTED SUCCESSION TO THE BRITISH CROWN.

King Philip (*pointing to Arthur*). Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

King John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
King Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

King John, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 99.

The Murder of Clarence.

Clarence. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clarence. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law on us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

. . . . . .

Clarence. If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him. . . .

Sec. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clarence. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me? . . .

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clarence. Relent and save your souls. . . .

Sec. Murd. (*After the murder.*)
A bloody deed and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

King Richard III., Act i. Sc. 4, l. 186.

Show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

King Richard II., Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 77.

Nature and Grace.

There is not a single virtue that can adorn our characters, nor one active quality of the mind, nor one noble feeling of the heart that can urge us on towards heaven, but must derive its efficiency and its worth from that mixture of evil with which God has attempered the condition of the world. THOMAS HOUSE TAYLOR, D.D.

By giving the glory of good actions to man, instead of to God, we weaken the power of example. If such or such a grace be the growth of such or such a character, our character, which is different, may be quite unable to attain to it. But if it be God's work in the soul, then on us too may he vouchsafe to bestow the same gift as on our neighbor.

Guesses at Truth.

O MICKLE is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;[1]
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 15.

All offences, my lord, come from the heart.[2]

King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 8, l. 48.

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays. *Lucrece*, l. 712.

[1] For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other. — *Gal.* v. 17.

[2] For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders. — *Mark* vii. 21.

Hereditary Sin.

Searching out all things, thou in most men's acts
Wilt find but baseness. SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 732.

THE learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. *Timon of Athens*, Act. iv. Sc. 3, l. 17.

Every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 152.

THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

Polixines. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Hermione. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's.

The Winter's Tale, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 67.

Blindness of Mind produced by Sin.

They that fare ill become not only deaf,
But even though they gaze, they see not clear
What lies before them[1] . . . . *Folly proves itself*
Of wickedness true sister. SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 663.

WHEN we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on 't! — the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.[2] *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 13, l. 111.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward qualities after them,
To suffer all alike. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 13, l. 31.

Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *The Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 99.

[1] But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not. — 2 *Cor.* iv. 3.

[2] But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. — *Prov.* i. 25.

God, our Deliverer.

The victories of batailles that been in this world lyen nat in greet nombre or multitude of the peple, ne in the vertu [valor] of man, but it lith in the wyl and in the hand of oure Lord God Almyghty.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 7269.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out at all.
Her love is firm, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weakness, is to sinfull bands made thrall.

EDMUND SPENSER, *The Faerie Queen*, Book i., canto 8.

If it be needful that we add testimonies concerning one God, even from the dramatists, hear even Sophocles speaking thus:—

There is one God, in truth there is but one,
Who made the heavens and the broad earth beneath,
The glancing waves of ocean and the winds.
But many of us mortals err in heart,
And set up for a solace in our woes
Images of the gods in stone and wood,
Or figures carved in brass or ivory,
And, furnishing for these our handiworks,
Both sacrifice and rite magnificent,
We think that thus we do a pious work.

JUSTIN MARTYR, *Hortatory Address to the Greeks*, Chap. xviii.

HENRY V. AFTER THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT.

King Henry. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,[1]
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exeter. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only. *King Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 8, l. 111.

Even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God.

King Henry V., Act v. Prol. l. 15.

[1] For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them. — *Psalm* xliv. 3.

The Just and Unjust contrasted.

Not easy is it to resist the just.
A righteous tongue has with it mightiest strength.
Be not afraid: speak thou the truth, and then
Thou shalt not fail.[1] SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, 99, 101, 513.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 232.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Third Part of King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 6, l. 11.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant.

King Henry VIII., Act v. Sc. 1, l. 123.

[1] The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment. — *Prov.* xii. 19.

Character not to be judged by Appearances.

Among mankind we are all born alike
Of father and of mother. None excels
Another in his nature, but the fate
Of evil chance holds some of us, and some
Good fortune favours, and necessity
Holds some in bondage. SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 518.

STRANGE is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 126.

We will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 171.

Once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[1] *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 454.

[1] He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. — *Matt.* v. 45. Compare *Job* xxxiv. 19.

Unrighteous Judges.

One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught and the great brake through.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Apothegms*, 181.

O PERILOUS mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws!

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 172.

Norfolk. He [Cardinal Wolsey] dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. *King Henry VIII.*, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 27.

Queen Katharine. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, — my ruin:
Is this your Christian council? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 98.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6, l. 168.

Queen Katharine. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

King Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 75.

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.[1]

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2. l. 176.

[1] As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear; so is a wicked ruler over the poor people. — *Prov.* xxviii. 15.

Moral Responsibility of Rulers.

Whoe'er is called to guide a state,
And does not catch at counsels wise and good;
But holds his peace through any fear of man,
I deem him basest of all men that are.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 178.

AND God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.

King Henry V., Act i. Sc. 2, l. 13.

KING HENRY (DISGUISED) CONVERSING WITH A COMMON SOLDIER, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some per-

adventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish; then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained. *King Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 156.

Lament over England, degraded by a Wicked Ruler.

That is no state which hangs on one man's will.
SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 737.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times.
SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Essay of Empire.*

John of Gaunt [*Uncle of King Richard*]. Methinks I
am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

King Richard II., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 31.

The Just Way of Political Success.

It is still my care to make my life,
Not by my words illustrious, but by deeds.[1]
SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, l. 1143.

There are many able and patriotic men in the House of Commons, — Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and some others; but I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom — I know not in which the failure is — to take their stand upon duty. . . . The devil works precisely in the same way. He is a very clever fellow; I have no acquaintance with him, but I respect his evident talents. Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome every thing; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas, I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of this generation. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, *Table Talk.*

THOMAS CROMWELL'S FAREWELL TO WOLSEY.

Thomas Cromwell [*Solicitor and Confidential Servant of Cardinal Wolsey*]. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

[1] But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. — *James* i. 22.

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 422.

Who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd!

The Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 9, l. 38.

Power of Innocence and Love.

I know her: the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand;
She must prove true: for, brother, where two fight,
The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,
And you are happy. ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

The Winter's Tale, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 41.

PLOT TO BURN OUT THE EYES OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

SCENE, *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* EXECUTIONERS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Young lad, come forth: I have to say with you.

Enter PRINCE ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows, —
The best I had, a princess wrought it me, —
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him, — no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter EXECUTIONERS, *with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must need seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you! —
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised. *King John*, Act iv. Sc. 1, ll. 1–127.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 29.

Love's Beginnings.

It is a poor saying of Epicurus, "Each is to the other a theatre large enough:" as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye; which was given him for higher purposes.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Essay of Love.*

O love, in every battle victor owned;
Now on a maiden's soft and blooming cheek,
In secret ambush hid. SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 782.

Love, too, at sight, the possibility of which has been disputed by men of drowthy hearts and torpid imaginations, can arise only from the meeting of those spirits which, before they meet, have beheld each other in inward vision, and are yearning to have that vision realized.

Guesses at Truth.

IF ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 5, l. 28.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well:
But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, but yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorned at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

As You like It, Act iii. Sc. 5, l. 109.

Duke. Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
. . . . . .
There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. . . .
Viola. Ay, but I know —
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what 's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 83.

Lysander. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Hermia. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood, —
Or else misgraffed in respect of years, —
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends, —
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And e'er a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 128.

Miranda. You look wearily.

Ferdinand. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to the sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Prospero. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take

What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

The Tempest, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 32.

Man and Woman the Complement of each other.

What house hath ever gained prosperity,
How swoln soe'er with pride, without the grace
Of woman's nobler nature. SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 679.

Woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man.
ALFRED TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

THAT daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete of, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.[1]
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.

King John, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 423.

[1] Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord. — 1 *Cor.* xi. 11.

The True Wife.

When a man dwells in love, then the smiles of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon. Her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed and he can quench his thirst and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

A wedded man, in his estaat
Lyveth a lyf blisful and ordinaat,
Under this yok of mariage ybounde.
Wel may his herte in joye and blisse habounde,
For who kan be so buxom [obedient] as a wyf?
Who is so trewe and eek so ententyf
To kepe hym, syk and hool, as is his make [mate]?
For wele or wo she wole hym nat forsake,
She nys nat wery hym to love and serve
Thogh that he lye bedrede til he sterve [die]. . . .
How myghte a man han any adversitee
That hath a wyf? Certes, I kan nat seye.

CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 13, 619.

Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of

life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, to the bitterest blasts of adversity.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Wife.*

Portia. DEAR my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees [*kneeling*],
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [1]

Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 255.

[1] House and riches are the inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord. — *Prov.* xix. 14.

Brabantio. Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
Desdemona. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,[1]
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord. *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 177.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,

[1] For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. — *Matt.* xix. 5.

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord,[1] her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring

[1] Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. — *Eph.* v. 22.

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say Bassanio 's dead !

Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 150.

Queen Katherine [*to Henry VIII.*]. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined : when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years,[1] and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

[1] She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. — *Prov.* xxxi. 12.

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice.

King Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 18.

Queen Katherine [*to the Cardinals*]. Have I lived thus
long — let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

. . . . .

Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 125 *and* 175.

Man the Head of the Woman.

No greater evil can a man endure
Than a bad wife, nor find a greater good
Than one both good and wise; and each man speaks
As judging by the experience of his life.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 608.

Now comth how that a man sholde bere hym with his wif; and namely [especially] in two thynges, that is to seyn, in suffraunce and reverence, as shewed Crist whan he made first womman. For he ne made hire nat of the heved [head] of Adam for she sholde nat clayme to greet lordshipe. GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 19, 169.

THE SHREW CONVERTED.

FIE, fie! Unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head,[1] thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience; —
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she 's forward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

The Taming of the Shrew, Act v. Sc. 2, l. 136.

[1] But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man. — 1 *Cor.* xi. 3.

The Necessity of Perseverance.

"He to whom men pay honor's noble meed
Has need of noble deeds innumerable,
And out of easy conflict there can come
But little glory." SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 675.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 2.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 39.

The Power of Wisdom.

Ne'er can the wise grow old, in whom there dwells
A soul sustained with light of heaven's own day:
Great gain to men is forethought such as theirs.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 688.

The wisdom which aims at something nobler and more lasting than the kingdom of this world, may now and then find that the kingdom of this world will also fall into its lap. How much longer and more widely has Aristotle reigned than Alexander! with how much more power and glory Luther than Charles the Fifth! His breath still works miracles at this day.

Guesses at Truth.

WISDOM and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.[1]

Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 13, l. 79.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?[2]

Othello, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 376.

[1] God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. — *Psalm* xlvi. 1.

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I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.[1]

First Part King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 1, l. 26.

SORROW AND PATIENCE OF KING LEAR'S ONLY LOVING DAUGHTER.

Earl of Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gentleman. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'

[1] I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. — *Phil.* iv. 11.

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart:
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone. *King Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 11.

He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Coriolanus, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 130.

Self-Knowledge.

Not the truth of which any one is, or supposes himself to be, possessed, but the upright endeavor he has made to arrive at truth makes the worth of the man. For not by the possession, but by the investigation, of truth are his powers expanded, wherein alone his ever-growing perfection exists. Possession makes us easy, indolent, proud.

If God held all truth shut up in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of ever and for ever erring, and should say to me, Choose! I should bow humbly to his left hand, and say, Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone.

LESSING, *quoted by Lowell, "Among My Books," First Series, p.* 347.

A soul with good intent and purpose just
Discerns far more than lecturer can teach.[1]

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 88.

Surely people must know themselves; so few ever think about any thing else. Yes, they think what they have, what they shall get, how they shall appear, what they shall do, perchance now and then what they shall be, but never, or hardly ever, what they are. *Guesses at Truth.*

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,

[1] I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation. — *Psalm* cxix. 99.

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.[1]

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 136.

I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 31.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not obtain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

Sonnet, lxxvii.

Better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions.

King John, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 290.

[1] Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. — *Matt.* vii. 5.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 297.

Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 238.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 76.

The Duty of showing Mercy.

The ostentation of hypocrites is ever confined to the works of the first table of the law, which prescribes our duties to God. The reason is twofold: both because works of this class have a greater pomp of sanctity, and because they interfere less with their desires. The way to convict a hypocrite therefore is to send him from the works of sacrifice to the works of mercy. Whence the text: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the orphans and widows in their affliction;" and that other, "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?"

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Meditationes Sacræ.*

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;[1]

[1] Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. — *Matt.* iv. 7.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
An earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: [1] we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! [2] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 181.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

[1] Now the just shall live by faith. — *Heb.* x. 38.

[2] Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children. — *Matt.* xxvii. 25.

Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does.

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 59.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 117.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

I seye, thyn enemy shaltow love for Goddes sake by his comandement, for if it were reson that a man sholde haten his enemy, for sothe God nolde nat receyven us to his love that been hise enemys.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 18,766.

BUCKINGHAM BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

ALL good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Sir Thomas Lovell. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven:[1] I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

King Henry VIII., Act 2, Sc. 1, l. 55.

[1] For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. — *Matt.* vi. 14, 15.

Forecast and Watchfulness.

Since we have rightly made our prayer to God,
Let us now go, O boys, to where the wise
Impart their knowledge of the Muses' arts.
Each day we need to take some forward step,
Till we gain power to study nobler things.
Evil a boy will learn without a guide,
With little labour, learning from himself;
But good, not even with his teacher near,
Dwells in his soul, but is full hardly gained:
Let us then, boys, be watchful, and work hard,
Lest we should seem with men untaught to rank,
The children of a father far from home.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 779.

DETERMINE on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 35.

I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:

The veins unfill'd our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Coriolanus, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 47.

Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.

King Richard III., Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 41.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 80.

The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,

Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 196.

We see which way the stream of time doth run
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 70.

We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring i' the winter.[1]

King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 68.

[1] The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer. — *Prov.* xxx. 25.

The Beneficent Use of Talents and Wealth.

Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. . . . A great state left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey to seize on him. . . . Therefore defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Essay on Riches.*

A pig may poke his nose into the trough and think o' nothing outside it; but if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede.*

THYSELF and thy belongings
Are not thy own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.[1]
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence

[1] And ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price. — 1 *Cor.* vi. 19.

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 30.

That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes [owns], but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

. . . . . .

No man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 96.

Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 75.

King Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. . . .
I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this![1] Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 23.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.[2]

Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2, l. 86.

[1] Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. — *Matt.* vii. 12.

[2] There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. — *Prov.* xi. 24.

The Virtue of Order[1] and Degree.

The unwritten laws of God that know no change,[2]
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 455.

GOVERNMENT.

GOVERNMENT, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,[3]
Setting endeavor in continual motion;

[1] She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. — *Prov.* xxi. 15.

[2] For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. — *Rom.* i. 18.

[3] Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. — *Rom.* xiii. 1.

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

King Henry V., Act i. Sc. 2, l. 180.

The Result of the Neglect of Order and Degree.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. . . .
O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath ; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation,
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Troilus and Cressida, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 78.

Promptness in Action.

No good e'er comes of leisure purposeless,
And heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 288.

True dispatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: Mi venga la muerte de Spagna, (*may my death come from Spain*) *for then it will be sure to be long in coming.*

SIR FRANCIS BACON; *Essay of Dispatch.*

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 80.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Sc. 3, l. 39.

Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

The Tempest, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 226.

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;[1]
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.

Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7, l. 119.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Cæsar, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 218.

Fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

Richard III., Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 51.

Beware; —
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 228.

[1] The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain. — *Prov.* xv. 19.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure, Act 1. Sc. 4, l. 77.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

. . . . . .

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 231.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 145.

The Folly of Rashness.

I knew a wise man, that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little that we may make an end the sooner."

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Apothegms*, 14.

Over-zeal
That still will meddle, little wisdom shows.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 67.

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be: it is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not dispatch by the time of sitting, but by the advancement of the business: and as in races it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed, so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Essay of Dispatch*.

Norfolk. STAY, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question[1]
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

King Henry VIII., Act i. Sc. 1, l. 129.

[1] He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. — *Prov.* xiv. 29.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em. . . .

Brutus. Go see this rumourer whipped. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Menenius. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 6, l. 37.

Norfolk. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.

King Henry VIII., Act i. Sc. 1, l. 140.

The Value of Recreation.

No mortal nature can endure, either in the actions of religion or study of wisdom, without sometime slackening the cords of intense thought and labor. . . . We cannot, therefore, always be contemplative or pragmatical abroad, but have need of some delightful intermissions, wherein the enlarged (freed) soul may leave off awhile her severe schooling, and, like a glad youth in wandering vacancy, may keep her holidays to joy and harmless pastime. JOHN MILTON, *Tetrachordon.*

THESE should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste.[1] *King Henry VIII.*, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 2.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
The Comedy of Errors, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 78.

[1] And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while. — *Mark* vi. 31.

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 305.

The Curse of Avarice.

The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being overreached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of Saint Paul's catalogue of sufferings: "In journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often." At how much less expense might he lay "up to himself treasures in heaven!"

The Spectator, No. 624.

Avarice ne stant nat oonly in lond ne catel [*chattels*], *but somtyme in science* [*knowledge*] *and in glorie; and in every manere of outrageous thyng is avarice and coveitise.*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 18,986.

DESPAIR to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
  Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
  That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
  Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
  The death of all, and all together lost.
So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
  The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
  Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Lucrece, l. 131.

  The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But, like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
  Having no other pleasure of his gain
  But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,[1]
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Lucrece, l. 855.

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root[2]
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings.

Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 84.

See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

[1] He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase. — *Eccl.* v. 10.

[2] They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. — 1 *Tim.* vi. 9.

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iv. Sc. 5, l. 65.

What is here? gold? . . .
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.

Timon of Athens, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 33.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest not sell.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 79.

The Peril of Wicked Association.

I know not any greater misfortune, that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than his falling into low company. He that sinks to familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

The Connoisseur, No. 132.

Those who lose such friends lose them to their joy,
And they who have them for deliverance pray.[1]

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 741.

THE crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon her silver down will stay.[2]

Lucrece, l. 1009.

[1] O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united. — *Gen.* xlix. 6.

[2] Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes be not burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet be not burned? — *Prov.* vi. 27.

There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report,[1] doth defile! so doth the company thou keepest.

First Part of King Henry IV., Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 453.

King John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done![2] Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hubert. My lord, —

King John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,

[1] He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. — *Ecclus.* xiii. 1.

[2] When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them. — *Joshua* vii. 21.

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

King John, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 216.

The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

King Richard II., Act v. Sc. 1, l. 66.

Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye,[1] never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

[1] My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away. — *Job* vi. 15.

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

King Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 124.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 312.

Peril of Opportunity.

When I 've made up my mind that I can't afford to buy a tempting dog, I take no notice of him, because if he took a strong fancy to me, and looked lovingly at me, the struggle between arithmetic and inclination might become unpleasantly severe. I pique myself on my wisdom there.

Parson Irwine, in Adam Bede.

The close pursuer's busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance ; snares attend thy want ;
Snares in thy discredit ; snares in thy disgrace ;
Snares in thy high estate ; snares in thy base ;
Snares in thy quiet ; snares in thy commotion ;
Snares in thy diet ; snares in thy devotion ;
Snares above thy head, and snares beneath ;
Snares in thy sickness ; snares in thy death.

FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems.*

Three reasons occur to me for thinking bodily sins more curable than mental ones. . . . Bodily sins must be connected with certain times and places. Consequently, by a new arrangement of hours, and by abstaining, so far as may be, from the places which have ministered opportunities to a bodily vice, a man may in some degree disable himself from committing it.

Guesses at Truth.

UNRULY blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours :

We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.
O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.[1] . . .
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!
Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?
When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.
The patient dies while the physician sleeps;

[1] Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. — *Eph.* vi. 11.

The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.
When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said. . . . .
Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Lucrece, l. 869.

Self-Indulgence.

Pious extasies are easier far
Than virtuous deeds; how gladly idleness,
Concealing its true motive from itself,
Would stand excused from virtuous deeds, and plead
Its pious extasies instead.

LESSING, *Nathan the Wise*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Of all rituals and divine services and ordinances ever instituted for the worship of any god, this of Self-worship is the ritual most faithfully observed. THOMAS CARLYLE, *Essay on Goethe's Works.*

WHAT is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 33.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

First Part of King Henry IV., Act v. Sc. 2, l. 82.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 31.

Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 85.

A Sensual Heaven, an Actual Hell.

I will simply express my strong belief that the point of self-education which consists of teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life.

MICHAEL FARADAY, *On the Education of the Judgment.*

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;[1]
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

1 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. — *James* i. 15.

All this the world well knows; yet none [1] knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.[2]

Sonnet cxxix.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Macbeth, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 96.

[1] They are altogether become abominable; there is none that doeth good, no not one. — *Psalm* xiv. 4.

[2] At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. — *Prov.* xxxiii. 32.

Perversion of the Truth.

Nothing can be said so absurd, that has not been said before by some of the philosophers. — CICERO, *De Divinatione*, ii. 58.

MARK you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 98.

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 34.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves.[1]

King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 38.

Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood.

King Richard III., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 12.

[1] With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward. — *Psalm* xviii. 26.

Hypocrisy.

Deceit is base, unfit for noble souls.
Wherefore conceal thou nothing. Time that sees
And heareth all things bringeth all to light.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, ll. 100, 284.

No man that reads the Evangelists, but must observe that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shows a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons.

DR. WILLIAM WOTTON, *in The Guardian, No.* 93.

THIS is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 101.

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils? . . . .
Fie, Uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

First Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 109, 126.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 275.

O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!

Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 84.

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 471.

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.[1]

Othello, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 357.

Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ.[2]

King Richard II., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 168.

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

King Richard II., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 239.

Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

[1] And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. — 2 *Cor.* xi. 14.

[2] And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master, and kissed him. — *Matt.* xxvi. 49.

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 19.

Love 's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

King Lear, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 241.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses prick'd ; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

Timon of Athens, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 8.

The Folly of anticipating Trouble.

What profit is there from our many goods,
If care, with evil thoughts,
Is still the nurse of fair prosperity?[1]

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, 718.

TO fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

King Richard III., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 28.

Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done! . . .
Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Julius Cæsar, Act v. Sc. 3, l. 63.

[1] Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. — *Matt.* vi. 34.

Queen Isabella. I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles. . . . .
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. . . . .

Sir John Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form. *King Richard II.*, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 6.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

King Richard II., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 178.

ANTONIO, SALARINO, SALANIO, AND GRATIANO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. . . . .

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 1.

QUEEN MARGARET'S ADDRESS.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock.
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford, here, another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, — alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand, — why there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock, — the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish ; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Third Part of King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 4.

Judging Others.

I pray thee, then, wear not one mood alone
That what thou say'st is right, and naught but that;
For he who thinks that he alone is wise,
His mind and speech above what others have,
Such men when searched are mostly empty found.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, 705.

O THOU that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.[1]

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 136.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 31.

[1] Judge not, that ye be not judged. — *Matt.* vii. 1.

The Use of the Tongue.

Why tellest thou thy tale of many words?
Superfluous speech is irksome everywhere.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 103.

Much wisdom often goes with fewest words.[1]
A man whose whole delight is still to talk
Knows not how much he vexes all his friends.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 89.

Some folk's tongues are like the clock, an' run on strickin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

WHAT 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, ...
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.[2]

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 19.

[1] In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise. — *Prov.* x. 19.

[2] A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger. — *Prov.* xv. 1.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;[1]
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 68.

Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 76.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 85.

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true ;' there 's all the reach of it.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 105.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared. . . . .
I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,

[1] Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. — *James* i. 19.

But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 51.

Self-Praise.

The tongue is held in honor by such men
As reckon words of more account than deeds.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 209.

LAY thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,[1]
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.[2]

Troilus and Cressida, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 240.

We wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Sc. 3, l. 5.

He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 164.

[1] For men to search their own glory is not glory. — *Prov.* xxv. 27.

[2] Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips. — *Prov.* xxvii. 2.

Falsity in the Garb of Truth.

Ere long by the appointed curse of heaven, a man's intellect ceases to be capable of distinguishing truth, when he permits himself to deal in speaking or acting what is false. THOMAS CARLYLE.

O WHAT authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 36.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;

And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 73.

Inconstancy of Worldly Friendships.

In many a turning of the wheel of God
My fate revolves and changes all its mood;
E'en as the moon's face never keepeth still
For but two nights in one position fixed,
But from its hiding-place first comes as new,
With brightening face, and thenceforth waxeth full;
And when it gains its noblest phase of all,
Wanes off again and comes to nothingness.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l, 713.

O WORLD, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon

This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way
I 'll do his country service.

Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 12.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O, is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 195.

'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by —
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember —
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 57.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;

'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
''Tis right:' quoth he 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 21.

Constant Friendship.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing our grief, a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time.

The Spectator, No. 68.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

POPE; *The Iliad*, Book ix. l. 725.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

. . . . . .

Portia [*Bassanio reading a letter*]. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bassanio. O, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasantest words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me,[1] the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 8, l. 35; Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 246.

[1] Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — *John* xv. 13.

Calumny and Detraction.

They who are too fair-spoken before you are likely to be foul-spoken behind you. If you would keep clear of the one extreme, keep clear of both. The rule is a very simple one: never find fault with anybody except to himself; never praise anybody except to others.

Guesses at Truth.

MEN that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best.

King Henry VIII., Act v. Sc. 3, l. 43.

Calumny will sear virtue itself.

The Winter's Tale, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 73.

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

Cymbeline, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 35.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 196.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Second Part of Henry IV., Induction, l. 15.

If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.

King Henry VIII., Act i. Sc. 2, l. 71.

I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Sc. 5, l. 50.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 155.

Feigned Prayer.

Prayers
Are daughters of Almighty Jupiter, —
Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, — that painfully
Follow misfortune's steps ; but strong of limb
And swift of foot misfortune is, and, far
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives
Jove's daughters reverently when they approach,
Him willingly they aid, and to his suit
They listen. Whosoever puts them by
With obstinate denial, they appeal
To Jove, the son of Saturn, and entreat
That he will cause misfortune to attend
The offender's way in life, that he in turn
May suffer evil and be punished thus.
Homer's Iliad, translated by Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THAT high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
King Richard III., Act v. Sc. 1, l. 20.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects . . . Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 4, l. 1.

Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iv. Sc. 7, l. 121.

The King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?

That cannot be: since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

. . . . .

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 36.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Troilus and Cressida, Act v. Sc. 3, l. 23.

Prayer.

What may be taught I learn; what may be found
That I seek for; what must come by prayer,
For that I asked the Gods.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 723.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation [*passion*], *and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy; prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.*

JEREMY TAYLOR.

I MAKE you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

Third Part of King Henry VI., Act iv. Sc. 6, l. 41.

Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iv. Sc. 9, l. 13.

God's goodness hath been great to thee ;
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 85.

Prayer of Henry V.

O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood :
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 306.

We have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.

King Henry V., Act i. Sc. 2, l. 302.

My ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

The Tempest, EPILOGUE, l. 15.

Juliet speaks (before taking potion)

Gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
Prayers
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 1.

It is religion that doth make vows kept.

King John, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 279.

Despairing Sorrow.

The mightiest and the wisest in their minds
Thou may'st see like to him who standeth here,
Giving good counsel to a man distressed;
But when God's will shall send the scourge on one
Who lived till then as fortune's favorite,
All his fine phrases vanish utterly.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 14.

LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine

And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 1.

Constance [*mother of Arthur, after hearing of a peace on terms which would destroy all hope of her son's securing the crown*]. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day,
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Salisbury. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man. . . .

Arthur. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee! . . .
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me! . . .

King Philip. Patience, good lady: Comfort, gentle Constance.

Constance. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O, amiable, lovely death! . . .

King Philip. O, fair affliction, peace!

Constance. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a widow's invocation.

. . . . . .

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born,
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

. . . . . .

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

King John, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 1 ; Sc. 4, l. 22.

Hungering for Spiritual Food.

"*Give me the interior beauties of the soul.*" SOCRATES.

It cannot be too often repeated, where it continues still unknown or forgotten, that man has a soul as certainly as he has a body; nay, much more certainly; that properly it is the course of his unseen, spiritual life which informs and rules his external visible life, rather than receives rule from it; in which spiritual life, indeed, and not in any outward action or condition arising from it, the true secret of his history lies, and is to be sought after and indefinitely approached.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,[1]

[1] But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. — 1 *Cor.* ix. 27.

And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy [1] terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.[2]

Sonnet, cxlvi.

[1] Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding. — *Prov.* xxiii. 23.

[2] The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. — 1 *Cor.* xv. 26.

Repentance.

Think thou on this, my son: To err, indeed,
Is common unto all, but having erred,
He is no longer reckless or unblest,
Who, having fallen into evil, seeks
For healing, nor continues still unmoved.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, l. 1023.

The faithful knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her and by her sister's lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortal life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greeved with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And pricked with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desired to end his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

EDMUND SPENSER, *The Faerie Queen*, Book i., canto 10, stanza 22.

MOTHER, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul . . .
Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 145.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, —

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.[1]

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 29.

Oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

King John, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 30.

Very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,[1]
As 'twere a careless trifle. *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 4, l. 5.

[1] For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. — 2 *Cor.* vii. 10.

[2] Owned.

Conversion.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE NEW LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Archbishop of Canterbury. The king is full of grace and
fair regard.

Bishop of Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.

King Henry V., Act i. Sc. 1, l. 22.

'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

As You Like It, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 136.

Beauty and Strength Transitory.

O, race of mortal men oppressed with care!
What nothings are we, like to shadows vain,[1]
Cumbering the ground and wandering to and fro!

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 682.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow. . . .
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

[1] My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass. — *Psalm* cii. 11.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Sonnet, xii. lx.

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave.

First Part of King Henry VI., Act ii. Sc. 5, l. 1.

Romeo speaks:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Sc. 5, l. 28.

The Real Worth of Beauty.

Ye tradeful merchants, that with weary toile
Do seek most pretious things to make your gaine;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe! my love doth in her selfe containe
All this world's riches that may farre be found;
If saphyres, loe! her eies be saphyres plaine;
If rubies, loe! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round;
If ivorie, her forehead yvory weene;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adornd with vertues manifold.

EDMUND SPENSER, *Sonnet*, XV.

'Tis only in God's garden[1] *men may reap*
True joy and blessing.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 298.

O HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem

[1] How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the rivers' side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters. — *Numbers* xxiv. 5, 6.

For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Sonnet, liv.

In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 401.

The Instability of Earthly Happiness.

Unto gods alone
Nor age can come, nor destined hour of death.
All else the almighty ruler, Time, sweeps on.
Earth's strength shall wither, wither strength of limb,
And trust decays and mistrust grows apace;[1]
And the same spirit lasts not among them
That once were friends, nor joineth state with state.
To these at once, to those in after years,
Sweet things turn bitter, then turn sweet again.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, l. 607.

THEN was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Cymbeline, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 60.

There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

[1] Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish. — *Psalm* xlix. 12.

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

King John, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 107.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 3, l. 22.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 5, l. 19.

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Timon of Athens, Act i. Sc. 1, l. 84.

The Vanity of Worldly Glory.

Ah, race of mortal men,
How as a thing of naught
I count ye, though ye live ;
For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows,
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well,
And, having seemed, to fall ?

. . . . .

Who can count man's prosperity as great,
Or small and lowly, or of no account ?
None of all this continues in one stay.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus the King*, l. 1187.

BUT yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 123.

RENOWNED WARWICK DYING.

Warwick. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Third Part of King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 2, l. 5.

RICHARD II., MORALIZING AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS CROWN.

Of comforts no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let 's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

King Richard II., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 144.

The Benefits of Adversity.

I grieve not that I once did grieve,
In my large joy of sight and touch
Beyond what others count for such,
I am content to suffer much.

I know — is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth ;
And Life is perfected by Death.[1]
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets.*

I have known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage: but when the lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made accounts of that loss of blood by the return of fruit. JEREMY TAYLOR.

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

[1] Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. — *John* xii. 24.

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Wolsey after his Fall.

Cardinal Wolsey. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd.
O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[*Enter* CROMWELL *and stands amazed.*
Why, how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 351.

Wolsey's Death.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

. . . . . .

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

King Henry VIII., Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 17.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example;[1] so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 18.

Whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.

King Richard II., Act v. Sc. 5, l. 38.

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.[2]

Timon of Athens, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 189.

[1] Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong. — 2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

[2] As having nothing, and yet possessing all things. — 2 *Cor.* vi. 10.

Adversity a Test of Character.

Queen Anne Bullen, in the very hour when she was preparing for the scaffold, called one of the king's privy chamber to her, and said to him: "Commend me to the king, and tell him he is constant in his course of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marquisse; and from a marquisse a queen; and now he had left no higher degree of earthly honour, he hath made me a martyr."

SIR FRANCIS BACON, *Apothegms*, 9.

Agamemnon. Princess,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Troilus and Cressida, Act i. Sc. 3.

Sympathy with Mourners.

They alone
Can feel for mourners who themselves have mourned.
SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, l. 1136.

SAD souls are slain in merry company:
Grief best is pleased with grief's society.
True sorrow then is feelingly surprised,
When with like semblance it is sympathised.
Lucrece, l. 1110.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 209.

Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
King Richard III., Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 126.

No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe.
Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 197.

Resignation under Bereavement.

Cease from your weeping, maidens. Over those
For whom the night of death as blessing comes,
We may not mourn.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, l. 1751.

The period and opportunity for tears we choose when our friend is fallen asleep, when he hath laid his neck upon the lap of his mother, and let his head down to be raised in heaven. This grief is ill-placed and indecent. JEREMY TAYLOR.

Duchess of York. I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorset. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

King Richard III., Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 87.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 87.

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 1.

Lady Capulet. O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Friar Lawrence. Peace; ho, for shame! confusion 's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid: now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion:
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Sc. 5, l. 62.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all.

King Lear, Act v. Sc. 2, l. 9.

Ministering Spirits; their Joy or Sorrow over Man's Course.

As it was aptly said by one of Plato's school, the sense of man resembles the sun, which openeth and revealeth the terrestrial globe, but obscureth and concealeth the celestial; so doth the sense discover natural things, but darken and shut up divine. . . . Therefore attend His will as Himself openeth it, and give unto faith that which unto faith belongeth.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

THEN is there mirth in heaven.
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

As You Like It, Act v. Sc. 4, l. 114.

Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2, l. 114.

Fear of Death terrible to the Wicked.

Black Horror! speed we to the bed of death
Where one, who wide and far
Hath sent abroad the myriad plagues of war,
Struggles with his last breath:
Then to his wildly staring eyes
The spectres of the slaughtered rise;
Then on his frenzied ear
Their calls for vengeance, and the demons' yell,
In one heart-maddening chorus swell:
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 118.

Despair in the Hour of Death.

From hence the lesson learn ye
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus the King*, l. 1533.

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That made him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost[1]
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 2, l. 367.

[1] Duke of Gloster murdered by Beaufort's order.

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *to the* CARDINAL *in bed.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close ;
And let us all to meditation.[1]

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 1.

[1] Schlegel has referred to this scene thus : " Can any other poet be named, who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity, at the close of this life, with such overpowering and awful effect? and yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion. A blessing and a curse, stand side by side : the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labors to enter his soul."

Remorse.

To look out on ills that are one's own,
In which another's hand has had no share,
This bringeth sharpest woe.

SOPHOCLES, *Aias*, l. 260.

Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

VON PLATEN, *translated by Longfellow.*

I HAVE not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 62.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clarence. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time ! . . .

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

King Richard III., Act i. Sc. 4, l. 1.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh !

Doctor. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ! there 's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed ! [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all!

Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 56.

THE MURDER OF THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES.

Sir James Tyrrel. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their death's sad stories,
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

King Richard III., Act iv. Sc. 3, l. 1.

Rest Denied the Guilty Conscience.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 381.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH IN HIS PALACE.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 4.

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.

The Tempest, Act iii. Sc. 3, l. 95.

Encouragements to Hope.

Be of good cheer, O lady: dangers oft,
Though blowing dreams by night, are lulled by day.[1]

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 63.

Death which is the end of our life, is the enlargement of our spirits from hope to certainty, from uncertain fears to certain expectations, from the death of the body to the life of the soul. JEREMY TAYLOR.

BE cheerful: wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.[2]

Cymbeline, Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 402.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

King John, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 112.

[1] For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. — *Psalm* xxx. 5.

[2] The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. — *Psalm* xxxvii. 23, 24.

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

King John, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 119.

Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

King Richard II., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 270.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

King Richard III., Act iv. Sc. 4, l. 320.

The Guilt and Folly of Suicide.

The term of life is limited
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it :
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome.
(Quoth he) knows best the termes established ;
And he that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

EDMUND SPENSER, *The Faerie Queen.*

Courage chooses and bears up because it is honorable to do so, or because it is disgraceful not to do so. But to die, and thus avoid poverty or love, or any thing painful, is not the part of a brave man, but rather of a coward ; for it is cowardice to avoid trouble ; and the suicide does not undergo death because it is honorable, but in order to avoid evil.

ARISTOTLE, *Ethics*, Book iii. ch. 7, 11.

What man soe'er, in troubles waxing wroth,
Will use a cure that 's worse than the disease.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 514.

O, THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !

How weary stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2, l. 129.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 56.

Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.

Cymbeline, Act iii. Sc. 4, l. 74.

You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6, l. 221.

Condemnation of Duelling.

Then do men's lives become one vast disease,
When once they seek their ills by ills to cure.

SOPHOCLES, *Fragments*, l. 98.

What! a man's blood for an injurious passionate speech, for a disdainful look! Nay, this is not all: that thou mayest gain amongst men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation, but proceed with as much temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldest to the communion: after some several days' meditation, invite him, mildly and affably, into some retired place: and there let it be put to the trial, whether thy life or his must answer the injury. WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Timon of Athens, Act iii. Sc. 5, l. 24.

Christian Assurance in the Hour of Death.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

Queen Katherine [*after the vision of angels, holding up her hands to heaven*]. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Patience. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

. . . . . .

Kath. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed:
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

King Henry VIII., Act iv. Sc. 2, l. 83.

Final Dissolution of the World.

That shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women at the same instant shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the Archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

JEREMY TAYLOR, *On the Day of Judgment.*

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.[1]

The Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1, l. 148.

[1] But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. —2 *Peter*, iii. 11.

Life worthless without the Hope of Immortality.[1]

Still the long days have brought
Griefs near and nearer yet.
And joys — thou canst not see
One trace of what they were ;
When a man passeth on
To length of days beyond the rightful bourne ;
The bridegroom's joy all gone,
The lyre all silent now,
The choral music hushed,
Death comes at last.

Happiest beyond compare
Never to taste of life ;
Happiest in order next,
Being born, with quickest speed
Thither again to turn
From whence we came
When youth hath passed away,
With all its follies light,
What sorrow is not there ?
Murders, strifes, wars, and wrath and jealousy,
And closing life's long course, the last and worst

[1] If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. — 1 *Cor.* xv. 19.

An age of weak caprice,
Friendless and hard of speech,
Where, met in union strange,
Dwell ills on ills.

SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus at Colonos*, 1214.

Over the horizon of the earth, dawning, brightening, rises another light which is not that of the sun. From the midst of the clouded glory above, from the bosom of its august mystery, come the warning and the welcome of heaven to earth! It is a warning, not cruel and stern, but sadly solemn, which says, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." It is a voice of welcome, which says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

EPHRAIM PEABODY, D. D.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What, though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm when pleasures lose their power to please!

THOMAS CAMPBELL, *The Pleasures of Hope.*

O GOD! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips: how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 44.

Be absolute for death ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain :
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor ;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1, l. 5.

Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7, l. 136.

Christian Hope.

Religion e'en in death abides with men;
Die they or live it does not pass away.[1]

SOPHOCLES, *Philoctetes*, l. 1443.

Heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

REGINALD HEBER.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Third Part of King Henry VI., Act v. Sc. 5, l. 7.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.

King Richard II., Act i. Sc. 3, l. 286.

I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

[1] Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. — *John* xi. 25.

When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown :
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the sparrow,[1]
Be comfort to my age !

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 38.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet.[2]

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act ii. Sc. 3, l. 24.

Now have I done a good day's work :
You peers continue this united league :
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.

King Richard III., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 1.

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

Second Part of King Henry VI., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 65.

1 Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. — *Matt.* vi. 26.

2 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. — *Psalm* cxix. 105.

Heavenly Harmony in Immortal Souls.

The immortal old man, chained methought eternally to earth, was unhappy at the sound of music which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud, "Away, away! thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not and shall not find." JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

LORENZO, JESSICA, PORTIA, AND NERISSA.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .
Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !

Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1, l. 54.

Sorrow for a misspent Life.

There is no power in holy men,
Nor charms in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony, nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven — can exorcise,
From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself. LORD BYRON.

ALAS, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely. . . .
O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Sonnet, cx.

Humility and Contrition in View of Death.

Since repentance is a duty of so great and giant-like bulk, let no man crowd it up into so narrow room as that it is strangled in its birth for want of time, and air to breathe in. JEREMY TAYLOR.

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.
O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,

For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you to love things nothing worth.
That time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnets, lxxi., lxxii., lxxiii.

Last Words.

There is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we must write of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season.

JOSEPH ADDISON, *Spectator*, No. 289.

O, BUT they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

King Richard II., Act ii. Sc. 1, l. 5.

FROM

Shakespeare's Will.

First, I commend my soule into the handes of God my Creator,

Hoping and assuredlie beleeving,

Through thonelie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour,

To be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge,

And my bodye to the earth

Whereof yt ys made.

SHAKESPEARE THE CHIEF OF ALL POETS.

Shakespeare's Intellect.

OF this Shakespeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one. I think the best judgment, not of this country only, but of Europe, at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, that Shakespeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth, placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said that, in the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas, there is, apart from all other "faculties," as they are called, an understanding manifested equal to that in Bacon's "Novum Organum." That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself,

how, out of Shakespeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit, — every way as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things, — we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect, than any other man, we may call Shakespeare in this; he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it, is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. What circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, let there be light, and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself will he accomplish this. . . .

If called to define Shakespeare's faculty, I should say

superiority of intellect, and think I had included all under that. What, indeed, are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, — things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet, and arms. This is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's "intellectual nature," and of his "moral nature," as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps prescribe such forms of utterance; we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for the most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep for ever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names;* that man's spiritual nature — the vital force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same power of insight; all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, — what we call the moral quality of a man, — what is this but another *side* of the one vital force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one;* and preaches the same self abroad in all these ways.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk;

but consider it, — without morality, intellect were impossible for him; a thoroughly immoral *man* could not know any thing at all. To know a thing, — what we can call knowing, — a man must first *love* the thing, sympathize with it: that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous, for ever a sealed book: what such can know of nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely. . . .

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakespeare may recognize that he too was a *prophet* in his way; of an insight analogous to the *prophetic*, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; unspeakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of!" That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante, the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakespeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, — the "Universal Church" of the future and of all times? No narrow superstition,[1] harsh

[1] Shakespeare is no sectarian; to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all, and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it; and to him it is not strange that the sun should be called to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust. — CARLYLE, *Essay on Goethe.*

asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness, or perversion; a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousand-fold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can. We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal psalm out of this Shakespeare, too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony. I cannot call this Shakespeare a "sceptic," as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No; neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his faith. Such "indifference" was the fruit of his greatness withal; his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakespeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent bringer of light? And, at bottom, was it not, perhaps far better that this Shakespeare, every way an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal splendors, that he specially was the "prophet of God;" and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful.

It was intrinsically an error, that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charletan, perversity and simulacrum; no speaker, but a babbler. Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakespeare, this Dante, may still be young; while this Shakespeare may still pretend to be a priest of mankind, of Arabia, as of other places, for unlimited periods to come.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *The Hero as a Poet.*

The Greatness of Shakespeare's Genius.

THE name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature. It is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near to him in the creative powers of the mind; no man had ever such strength at once, and such variety of imagination. Coleridge has most felicitously applied to him a Greek epithet, given before to I know not whom, certainly none so deserving of it, μυριόνους, the thousand-souled Shakespeare. The number of characters in his plays is astonishingly great, without reckoning those who, although transient, have often their individuality; all distinct, all types of human life

in well-defined differences. Yet he never takes an abstract quality to embody it; scarcely, perhaps, a definite condition of manners, as Jonson does; nor did he draw much, as I conceive, from living models; there is no manifest appearance of personal caricature in his comedies, though, in some slight traits of character, this may not improbably have been the case. Above all, neither he, nor his contemporaries, wrote for the stage in the worst, though most literal, and of late years, the most usual sense; making the servants and handmaids of dramatic invention to lord over it, and limiting the capacities of the poet's mind to those of the performers. If this poverty of the representative department of the drama had hung, like an incumbent fiend, on the creative power of Shakespeare, how would he have poured forth, with such inexhaustible prodigality, the vast diversity of characters that we find in some of his plays? This it is in which he leaves far behind, not the dramatists alone, but all writers of fiction. Compare with him Homer, the tragedians of Greece, the poets of Italy, Plautus, Cervantes, Molière, Addison, Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, Scott, the romancers of the elder or later schools, — one man has far more than surpassed them all. Others may have been as sublime, others may have been more pathetic, others may have equalled him in grace and purity of language, and have shunned some of his faults; but the philosophy of Shakespeare, his intimate searching out of the human heart, whether in the gnomic form of sentence, or in the dramatic exhibition of character, is a gift peculiarly his own.

HENRY HALLAM, *Literature of Europe*, chap. vii.

Shakespeare as a Teacher of Morals.

SHAKESPEARE never aims at preaching morals by express and direct precept. He does it, for the most part, indirectly by the mouth of the least prejudiced, by the spectators rather than by the actors in his plays. And this moreover only in tragedy, where dazzling passions vacillate between vice and virtue, and where it was necessary to prevent a misconception; in comedy, where he endeavored rather to amuse than to exert the mind, it would have been prejudicial to the design of his art had he added severe lectures to the picture of folly, which is in itself represented in a ridiculous aspect. If Shakespeare thus, taking Johnson's words literally, seems to write with no moral aim, this very appearance is the triumph of his art. For art is not intended to proclaim moral truth by direct teaching, but by living, acting impulses, by illustration and example. This touching of the heart is far more adapted than the cold language to the head to teach us to feel delight and disgust in right and wrong, and to develop in us that true self-love which strives to make the good and the beautiful its own. There is no more fruitless branch in all literature than moral philosophy; except perhaps those dramatic moralities into whose frigid defects poetry will always sink whenever it aims at direct moral teaching, and degrades itself as the medium of this. . . . *This method* of morality was far from Shakespeare's object; yet *morality* was as much his object as poetry itself. If they

had told him of the new theories, which would emancipate poetry from morality, he would not have understood them, because *his* poetry was designed to represent the substance of active life, because this substance being of a wholly moral nature, morality is consequently utterly inseparable from true poetry. If they had pointed out to him the manner of Southern poetry, which aspired after formal and outward beauty, he would have turned away from this attractive shallowness, as he, indeed, involuntarily did even in his descriptive poems. If they had held before him the modern poems, which Goethe styled the "literature of despondency," in which vice celebrates its triumphs, he would have cast them from him with æsthetic as well as moral abhorrence, — *he* who called evil a "deformity" and virtue "beauty."

Shakespeare's poetry is moral; his poetic impulse, therefore, is inseparably interwoven with his ethical feelings, because he took life as a whole, and was himself a whole man, in whom the moral, æsthetic, and intellectual qualities were separated by no speculative analysis; and his art is therefore so great, because, out of this whole, he absorbed into *himself* more of the moral element of life than any other has done, not even excepting the ancients. To knit poetry to life by this moral cement, to sacrifice the outer beauty to the higher morality when the mirror was to be held up to life, to exhibit to the age in this mirror no æsthetic, flattering picture, but a moral picture of unvarnished truth, — this is throughout the express aim of Shakespeare's poetry; and he followed it with such deep earnestness, that to this we must

look for the reason why his poetry had so wholly different an influence to that of our own Schiller and Goethe, which excited rather to poetry, and to poetry alone, than to a hearty sympathy with the world. The relation of Shakespeare's poetry to morality and to moral influence upon men is most perfect; in this respect, from Aristotle to Schiller, nothing higher has been asked of poetry than that which Shakespeare rendered. . . .

Never do we find in Shakespeare that his hand is affected by the passion of which he writes, a thing so common among many modern poets, who are only the product of their own passions. . . . Possessing this property of perfect self-command, our poet never falls into the fault of even our great modern poets, of investing passion or weakness with attractions which might captivate us and lead us morally astray; far rather it was his natural talent, as it was his aim in accordance with Aristotle's law, to make his dramas tend to the purification of the passions. According to Aristotle's well-known precept, the action of the tragedy ought to be of that nature that it should excite fear and sympathy, and by this means should purify these and similar emotions of the mind. This law, Shakespeare satisfied in a manner utterly removed from all trivialities, in a manner never to be surpassed. . . .

If there be this moral influence in Shakespeare's poetry, if it be so imbued with morality, that a kind of system of worldly wisdom can be drawn from it, it may be asked, how, amid the numberless, endlessly contradictory, characteristic

expressions of his figures, can his own opinion be with certainty discovered?

We might reply, that the opinions which are most frequently on the lips of his purer characters, and are repeated at every opportunity, point out the basis of the poet's mode of thought, and because they are so predominant in his mind they must be most his own. But in saying this we should not go far enough. It is, indeed, difficult to reach the very root of his more important characters on account of their combination of qualities, but much more difficult to fathom himself, who, as it were, is again combined out of all these characters united. It is more essential for us to consider the ideal characters which Shakespeare has sustained in a medium between the strong tragic and the weak comic figures of his pieces; and the suggestion we have given with respect to Henry, Posthumus, Orlando, and the like, must not be lost sight of in this investigation.[1] But the main path lies in the consideration of the dramatic styles and their relation to each other, and then in the moral justice which is displayed in the development of the actions. We have in Shakespeare, not a teacher before us who endeavored simply to solve the enigmas of the world, but the world itself with its riddles is reflected to our view; all chance, however, is removed; the moving spring of the actions, and the necessity of the fate which they involve, are discovered to us; we

[1] The suggestion referred to is in effect that as are his favorite characters, such as those mentioned, so Shakespeare must have been, for these show the thoughts upon which his mind dwelt most, and with the greatest complacency.

must watch the mechanism thus displayed; and, pondering upon it, we learn to understand the mind of the master-regulator.

GEORG GOTTFRIED GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

There is probably no vainer labor than the going about to make men good by dint of moral arguments and reasoned convictions of the understanding. One noble impulse will do more good towards ennobling men than a volume of ethical precepts; and there is no sure way to put down a bad passion but by planting a good one. Set the soul on fire with moral beauty, that 's the way to burn the devils out of it. So that for making men virtuous, there is, as Gervinus says, "No more fruitless branch of literature than ethical science; except, perhaps, those dramatic moralities into whose frigid impotence poetry will alway sink when it aims at direct moral teaching."

Now I do not at all scruple to affirm that Shakespeare's poetry will stand the test of these principles better than any other writings we have outside the Bible. His rank in the School of Morals is indeed no less high than in the School of Art. He is every way as worthy to be our teacher and guide in what is morally just and noble and right as in what is artistically beautiful and true. In his workmanship, the law of moral proportion is observed with a fidelity that can never be too much admired: in other words, the moral element of the beautiful not only has a place, but is in the right place, — the right place, I mean, to act the most surely and the

most effectively on the springs of life, or as an inspiration of good thoughts and desires.

Rev. H. N. HUDSON, *Shakespeare, his Life, Art, and Characters*, vol. i., p. 244.

If the plague had not spared him in his cradle, . . . the English or, if we choose to call it so, the Anglo-Saxon race, both in Europe and in America, would have lacked a certain degree of that general elevation of mental and moral tone, and that practical wisdom, which distinguish it among the peoples. A source of pleasure more exquisite and more refining than is elsewhere to be found, of instruction more nearly priceless than any except that which fell from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, would not have been opened.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE, *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 306.

The Climax in the History of Dramatic Art.

THREE agents — which, from the standpoint of the Christian view of life, form, as it were, the elements of a complete action — appeared one after the other in the course of the development of the English drama, and ultimately took entire possession of the stage. The Mysteries regarded the action one-sidedly, as a divine, supernatural act, as a mere emanation of the divine government of the world; the

Moralities represented it in an equally one-sided manner, as simply the result of universally prevailing moral forces and laws; lastly, J. Heywood's Interludes conceived it with equal one-sidedness, as nothing more than the expression of the arbitrary conduct and aspirations of single individuals. The subsequent regular drama, down to Greene and Marlowe, tried in vain to blend these three elements into a truly organic whole; but they did not accomplish more than giving the elements an external connection. But Shakespeare, by pointing in a symbolical manner, in such pieces as Macbeth, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, Richard III., and Cymbeline, to the interference of a higher, divine power, invisible to the common eye (yet everywhere allowing the general moral powers to co-operate as personifications of the divine government of the world, not only internally but externally also by means of representatives of the state and law), and at the same time by always representing the action as the free act of the individual, — as the outflow of the moral character and of the circumstances in the life of the individual, — was the first to bring about a truly organic union of the three agents. He thereby not only raised the original elements of the English drama to their right position in regard to one another, but also made dramatic poetry in general the poetical reflex of the world's history. Thus, in this respect also, he forms the climax and the turning-point in the history of dramatic art.

Dr. HERMANN ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, vol. i., p. 359.

Shakespeare's Reverence.

IN the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

> It faded on the crowing of the cock.
> Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm;
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience.

The Tattler, Number 111.

The Sanity of Shakespeare's Genius.

THE commentator on Shakespeare has no more important office than to illustrate the sanity of his genius, — his intellectual and moral healthfulness. The large sympathy he communicates is comprehensive, not only of afflicted virtue but also when human frailty has brought down calamities on its own head. The tragedies abound with this forgiving temper, this Christian spirit of pity, this teaching of brotherly kindness and fervent charity, not trampling on a fellow-being, rejoicing in his sorrows because he deserved them, but restoring him in the spirit of meekness. . . .

The highest glory of Shakespeare's poetry is its spirituality. With all its quick sympathies with things of sight, it is full of the life by faith. Kindred at once to earth and heaven, it realizes what Wordsworth, with a noble image, grandly tells : —

> — Truth shows a glorious face
> While on that isthmus which commands
> The counsels of both worlds, she stands.

There is many a trace to show how deep was Shakespeare's sense of the perishable nature of the things of time. How deeper still was his sense of eternity and its glories ! . . . It is worthy of reflection that whenever a holy subject is touched by Shakespeare it is with a deep sentiment of unaffected reverence.

Professor HENRY REED, *Lectures on the British Poets.*

The Moral in Shakespeare.

I HAVE said that it was doubtful if Shakespeare had any conscious moral intention in his writings. I meant only that he was purely and primarily poet. And while he was an English poet, in a sense that was true of no other, his method was thoroughly Greek, yet with this remarkable difference, — that, while the Greek dramatists took purely national themes, and gave them a universal interest by their mode of treatment, he took what may be called cosmopolitan traditions, legends of human nature, and nationalized them by the infusion of his perfectly Anglican breadth of character and solidity of understanding. Wonderful as his imagination and fancy are, his perspicacity and artistic discretion are more so. This country tradesman's son, coming up to London, could set high-bred wits, like Beaumont, uncopiable lessons in drawing gentlemen such as are seen nowhere else but on the canvas of Titian; he could take Ulysses away from Homer and expand that shrewd and crafty islander into a statesman whose words are the pith of history. But what makes him yet more exceptional was his utterly unimpeachable judgment, and that poise of character which enabled him to be at once the greatest of poets and so unnoticeable a good citizen as to leave no incidents for biography. His material was never far-sought; (it is still disputed whether the fullest head of which we have record were cultivated beyond the range of grammar-school precedent!) but he used it with a

poetic instinct which we cannot parallel, identified himself with it, yet remained always its born and questionless master. He finds the clown and fool upon the stage, — he makes them the tools of his pleasantry, his satire and even his pathos; he finds a fading rustic superstition, and shapes out of it ideal Pucks, Titanias, and Ariels, in whose existence statesmen and scholars believe for ever. Always poet, he subjects all to the ends of his art, and gives in Hamlet the church-yard ghost, but with the cothurnus on, — the messenger of God's revenge against murder; always philosopher, he traces in Macbeth the metaphysics of apparitions, painting the shadowy Banquo only on the o'er-wrought brain of the murderer, and staining the hand of the wife-accomplice (because she was the more refined and higher nature) with the disgustful blood-spot that is not there. We say he had no moral intention, for the reason, that, as an artist, it was not his to deal with the realities, but only with the shows of things; yet with a temperament so just, and insight so inevitable as his, it was impossible that the moral reality, which so underlies the mirage of the poet's vision, should not always be suggested.

LOWELL, *Among my Books*, *First Series*, p. 226.

Humanity Shakespeare's Hero.

THE scene of the action of Shakespeare's plays is the globe itself, — this is his unity of place; eternity is the period of the action of his pieces, — this is his unity of time; and in conformity with these two unities is the hero of his drama, who represents the central point, — the unity of interest. Humanity is his hero, a hero continually dying and continually being born, continually loving, continually hating, yet loving more than hating.

Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos, from the prose of HEINRICH HEINE, p. 63.

Goethe's Eulogy of Shakespeare.

GOETHE expressed deep indebtedness to Shakespeare, because, as he says, "he had widened his own existence into an infinity." "I am ashamed of myself in Shakespeare's presence," he writes, "for often it happens that at first sight I think that I should have done differently, but afterwards I have to acknowledge that I am a poor blunderer, that in Shakespeare Nature is uttering her own oracles, and that my men are soap-bubbles inflated by romantic caprices."

Goethe and Schiller, by PROFESSOR HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, p. 15.

Shakespeare and the Bible.

TO take Shakespeare for a type of the drama, what, we ask, is the distinguishing merit of this great writer? It is fidelity to Nature. Is not the Bible also equally true to Nature? "It is the praise of Shakespeare," says Dr. Johnson, "that his plays are the mirror of life." Was there ever a more consummate mirror of life than the Bible affords? "Shakespeare copied the manners of the world then passing before him, and has more allusions than other poets to the traditions and superstitions of the vulgar." The Bible, perhaps, excels all other books in this sort of description. "Shakespeare was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world." The Bible is full of similar sketches. An excellence of Shakespeare is the individuality of his characters. "They are real beings of flesh and blood," the critics tell us; "they speak like men, not like authors." How truly this applies to the persons mentioned in sacred writ! Goethe has compared the characters of Shakespeare to "watches with crystalline cases and plates, which, while they point out with perfect accuracy the course of the hours and minutes, at the same time disclose the whole combination of springs and wheels whereby they are moved." A similar transparency of motive and purpose, of individual traits and spontaneous action, belongs to the Bible. From the hand of Shakespeare, "the lord and the tinker, the hero and the valet, come forth equally distinct and clear." In the Bible the various sorts

of men are never confounded, but have the advantage of being exhibited by Nature herself, and are not a contrivance of the imagination. "Shylock," observes a recent critic, "seems so much a man of Nature's making, that we can scarce accord to Shakespeare the merit of creating him." What will you say of Balak, Nabal, Jeroboam? "Macbeth is rather guilty of tempting the Weird Sisters than of being tempted by them, and is surprised and horrified at his own hell-begotten conception." Saul is guilty of tampering with the Witch of Endor, and is alarmed at the ghost of Samuel, whose words distinctly embody and vibrate the fears of his own heart, and he "falls straightway all along on the earth." "The exquisite refinement of Viola triumphs over her masculine attire." The exquisite refinement of Ruth triumphs in the midst of men.

SYLVESTER JUDD, *in the "Atlantic," August*, 1859.

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